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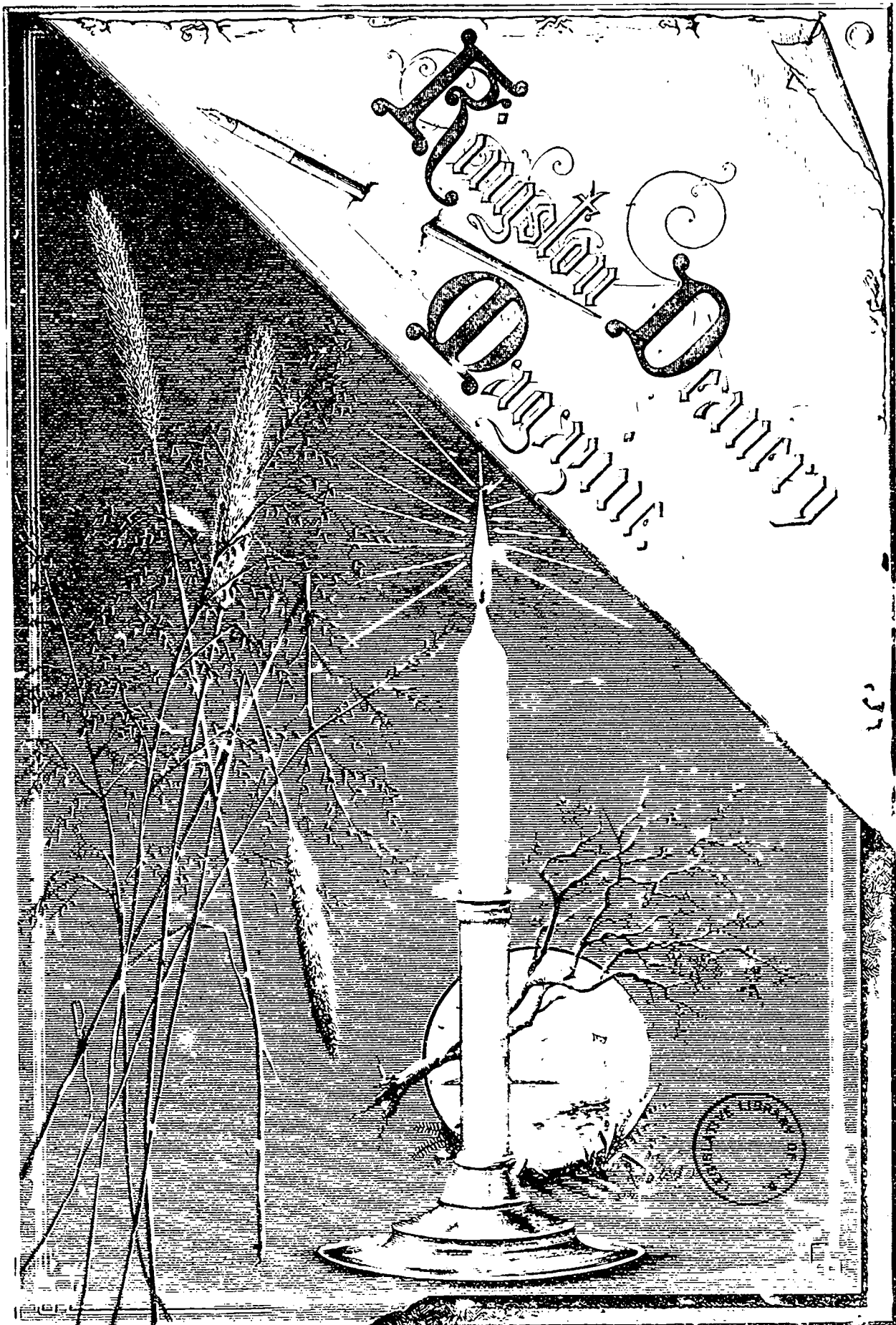
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(Under the direction of the Clergy of the Deanery)

REV. CANON MEDLEY. REV. J. R. DE W. COWIE.  
REV. O. S. NEWNHAM.

### Our Magazine.

THE articles on "Mis-Readings of Scripture," which have been appearing in our pages from month to month, lose none of their interesting character.

We could wish that a greater number of Sunday School scholars would send in answers to the Scripture Questions. The amount of information gained by the searching out for the answers would be a "prize" in itself. There is a continual necessity for the exhortation of Jesus, "Search the Scriptures," and anything that helps to that "searching" is most useful.

We would call the attention of our Sunday School teachers to the subjects for the next examination, and also express the hope that many more will enter their names as competitors. That

which we have said above concerning the children is equally true of the teachers. The amount of information gained from the study will be in itself a great prize.

### Mis-Readings of Scripture.

XI.

HAVING gone through most of the hints about reading, which can well be grouped under various headings, we will now draw attention to some passages where a proper emphasis enables the hearer to understand with greater facility. First of all, we will instance some of our Blessed Lord's own sayings.

Take for example the sermon at Nazareth. How rarely is this read so as to lead the hearers to realize why it was that the people became so angry. Let the reader, then, read it over beforehand, and he will see that the rage of the people arose from the same cause that gave rise to Jonah's anger, and made the mob at Jerusalem call out at S. Paul's speech, "Away with such a fellow from the earth, for it is not fit that he should live" (Acts xxii. 22). The Jews could not bear the thought that the mercy of God should be extended to the Gentiles: their cry was ever, "pour out Thine indignation upon the heathen, who have not known Thee, and upon the kingdoms that have not called upon Thy Name." Jonah tells us that this was the reason he fled towards Tarshish; that he did not wish to let the heathen know that God was a "gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and repented of the evil." When the reader has realized this he has gained one important step. Then let him see if, by emphasizing certain words, he can present this idea more plainly before his hearers. The result will be, probably, that he will read as follows, the italics showing where emphasis would be placed:

"Of a truth I say unto you, many widows were in *Israel* in the days of Elias (when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when great famine was throughout all the land); but unto *none* of them was Elias sent, save unto *Sarepta*, a city of *Sidon*, unto a woman that was a widow. And many lepers were in *Israel* in the time of E-li-se-us the prophet; and *none* of them was cleansed, saving Naaman the *Syrian*." The emphasis, thus placed, will contrast, in both cases, *Israel* with the heathen, and will show that in either case the prophet was

accepted and conveyed grace and gifts of God to the heathen, to the exclusion of Israel. Then the hearers will understand why it is that we read at once, "And all they in the Synagogue, when they had heard these things, were filled with wrath."

Or again: take that most beautiful and comforting parable of the prodigal son. The extreme love and forbearance of the father is greatly heightened by being contrasted with the sullen jealousy of the elder brother. We do not wish to speak of the interpretation of it all: how the elder brother represents the Jewish people, who were jealous and angry at the favour shown to the heathen prodigals; but a little care in reading will throw brighter and keener light upon the love and long suffering of God, as shadowed in the father of the prodigal (S. Luke xv. 29).

See, then, the sullen remonstrance of the elder brother: "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment, and yet thou never gavest me a kiss, that I might make merry with my friends; but as soon as *this thy son* [each word is full of bitterness, he will not acknowledge his brother] was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou has killed for *him* the fatted calf." He complains that he never had so much as a worthless kid; but his disgraceful brother has at once not only a calf, but one that had been stall-fed for some great occasion. In contrast with this how soothing and encouraging to the penitent is the deep love for both sons which beams out in the glorious answer of the father:

"Son, *thou* art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry and be glad; for *this thy brother* [gentle rebuke couched in the same language as the bitter sneer of the brother] was dead, and is alive again; and was lost is found."

Next, let us see how a little emphasis will help the understanding of our Lord's address to Simon the Pharisee (S. Luke vii. 44): "I entered into *thine* house, thou gavest me no water for my feet; but *she* hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss; but *this* woman, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. Mine *head* with oil thou didst not anoint; but *this* woman hath anointed my *feet* with ointment." Thus the indifferent carelessness of the supercilious Pharisee is contrasted with the deep love of the penitent.

One verse from the Sermon on the Mount may be referred to, inasmuch as its continual use as an offertory sentence has familiarized it in a slightly different sense from that which it bears in its context. In S. Matthew v. 16, "Let your light so

shine before men that they may see your good works," the word *so* really refers to what has gone before, and not to what is coming on. It is not, as most persons understand it, "*so* shine *that* men may see." The text, indeed, should not be taken out of its context, if the full sense is to be understood. The verse before gives the reason for *so*: "Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, and it giveth light [shineth] to all that are in the house. In this manner let *your* light shine [*give light*, the word is the same in the original] before men, in order that they may see your good works." In reading the chapter, therefore, it is not very difficult to give the meaning; and we would recommend that verses 14, 15, 16 be read as one paragraph, so as to connect the meaning throughout, making a longer pause before and after than at any full stop in the paragraph, and slightly altering the punctuation:

"Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house; let *your* light so shine before men; that they may *see* your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

When the sentence is read in the Offertory it is impossible to give the exact meaning, and if it was always important to give the exact meaning this sentence would have to be omitted. Indeed, as it is much more frequently read as an Offertory sentence, and as the erroneous meaning is the one which of necessity is more frequently presented to the minds of the faithful, it is almost a necessity that it be misunderstood when it is read in its context. It would be a great advantage if in the Offertory it could be read as in the Revised Version, "Even so let *your* light," or, "In this manner let *your* light shine."

In the parable of the Pharisee and Publican (St. Luke xviii. 11) some readers have emphasized the continual recurrence of the I of the Pharisee; but this is not necessary. But *with himself* should be emphasized. Some have explained it as if it were *by himself*, as if he were a Separatist in his prayer as in his name; for Pharisee is the *Greek form* of the Hebrew word "Perushim," Separatists. But this is hardly the meaning. It is rather that his prayer was murmured to himself, with himself as its object. The exact rendering of the Greek would be, "towards himself." God was not so much the object of his prayer as HIMSELF. The parable was spoken to warn them that "trusted in themselves that they were righteous." The Publican is utterly forgetful of *self* in the consciousness of his offended God: the Pharisee is satisfied with his self-complacent attitude of mind. In reading, therefore, it

would be well to emphasize thus: "The Pharisee stood, and prayed thus *with himself*."

The series of sayings of our Blessed Lord at the mysterious Last Supper (recorded only by S. John) are all of them so deeply wonderful that they should be read with the greatest care and attention. But if this is true of all the chapters, the last of them, S. John xvii., most especially requires care. It is the High-priestly prayer of our Blessed Lord just before He went out to offer Himself a sacrifice for the sins of the whole world. Readers of this chapter should read it over several times on their knees before they venture to read it in public. If it had been possible to omit the word *shall* in verse 20, it would have been an advantage, as it would represent the best reading of the original. In this prayer "the believers," "the faithful," were already regarded by our Blessed Lord as existing, and He prayed for them as eternally present to His mind: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which *are believing* on Me through their word."

At the feet washing there is a passage to which attention may be drawn. The passage is the conversation between our Lord and S. Peter, which we will give, without comment, with the emphasis which seems best to us:

"Peter saith unto Him, Lord, dost *thou* wash *my* feet? Jesus answered and said unto him, What *I* do, *thou* knowest not now; but thou shalt *know* hereafter. Peter saith unto Him, Thou shalt never wash my feet. Jesus answered him, If I wash thee not then hast thou no part with me. Simon Peter saith, Lord, not my *feet* only, but also my hands and my head. Jesus saith to him, He that is *washed* [*i. e.*, has his whole body bathed] needeth not, save to wash his *feet*, but is clean every whit."

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### Infant Baptism.

**B**EFORE proceeding to examine the Scripture evidence in favour of Infant Baptism, we will briefly refer to what has already been said on the subject in these papers. Our argument, then, so far, is this: Infant Baptism is the *present* practice of nearly the whole Christian world. All the ancient Churches of which we have any knowledge *baptize Infants*. The *Greek Church*, the *Anglican Church* (or Church of England), the *Syrian Church*, the *Roman Church*, the *Nestorians*, the Armenians, Copts, Abyssinians, all *baptize Infants*. So also do nearly all those bodies of Christians of a modern origin, viz., the Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists, and many others. Now that which is, must have had a beginning, and we ask: When did any or all of these bodies adopt the practice of baptizing

Infants? To take the case of the Church of England as an example: The present custom is that of Infant Baptism, as is proved from her Prayer Book, and it is very easy to show that Infant Baptism has *always* been the practice of the Church of England by tracing the office for Baptizing Infants in her different service books. Thus the present office is founded upon the office found in the Sarum, or Salisbury service book, which in turn was founded upon the Gallican. And that which is true of Infant Baptism in the Church of England is also true of Infant Baptism in the Greek and Roman and other ancient Churches. Then, as a connecting link between the service books and the Apostolic writings, we have the references to Infant Baptism in the writings of the Christian Fathers, and in the decisions of Councils of the Church. This evidence has all been brought forward at length, and we again repeat that the universal testimony is all in favour of Infant Baptism. During all the centuries we have failed to find any evidence worthy of being taken into consideration in favour of *refusing* Baptism to Infants. Where are the extracts from the writings of the Fathers, or the opinions of Councils against Infant Baptism? They do not exist. Seeing this, then, surely the only fair conclusion is that which we have stated, viz., Infant Baptism, which we *know* to be the almost universal custom now, has been the custom all down through the centuries even to the very days of the Apostles. In our next paper we purpose to ask, What was the teaching and practice of the Apostles with reference to Infant Baptism? And this will introduce the whole Scriptural argument, including the type of Baptism, viz., circumcision.

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### The Care of the Dead.

READ AT MEETING OF S. S. T. U., SEC. III.

**I**TAKE it that the object with which this subject was suggested for a Paper to be read at our Teachers' Meeting was of a practical character; I shall therefore attempt to treat the subject *practically*.

At the outset we must remember that although death separates for a season the bodies of the departed from their souls, the body is still theirs, and will be re-united to the soul at the Resurrection Day. We must be, therefore, clearly wrong if we treat or speak of the body of the departed as if it were a mere thing. It is the casket of a living soul. It is still, though emptied of life and motive power and force of will, the consecrated Temple of God the Holy Ghost. It is still a mem-

ber of the Body of Jesus Christ, which, when reverently consigned to the grave, will wait in silence, but in confidence, for the time when the sign of the Son of Man shall appear in the heavens and the trumpet sound of the Archangel shall awaken the body from its long sleep. We should not speak of the dead body of a sheep or a lamb of the fold of the Good Shepherd as *it*, in the neuter, but as *he* or *she*, a *brother* or *sister* in Christ Jesus our Lord.

In the chamber of death we have a feeling which we know at no other time or place—it is a feeling of awe and helplessness which we cannot well describe,—but it should not be a feeling that results in inaction. A sad and solemn work lies before us, which must be done without delay and reverently. *And who is to do it is the first question?* Very generally it is committed to the undertaker, or to some curious and inquisitive persons whose chief qualifications seem to be that they are accustomed to the work and have hard feelings. Sometimes it is left to household servants. All these, as it appears to me, are ill-suited, unless the servant be one whose respect and reverence for the departed would lead him or her to offer lovingly this last service for the dead. Far better would it be, if trusted friends and attendants are not at hand, that the first requirement of the dead, (*viz.*, the washing of the body) should be placed in the hands of faithful Communicants of the Church,—in the case of a male, in the hands of males; in the case of a female, in the hands of females. It would be a very desirable thing to have in every Parish a Burial Guild of Communicants, to whom the charge of the body could be given from the time of death to the time of burial. But perhaps we are not yet ripe for such a Guild. One hint in passing I would venture to throw out: that whenever it is practicable the Parish Priest should be summoned to the deathbed of his parishioners, so that after death he might close the eyes of the departed as a spiritual father. This would prevent the many unseemly contrivances which are known to most of us, such as placing coins upon the eyelids, which are almost certain to disfigure the countenance, to the great distress of those who are bereaved. A word or two may be said about the clothing of the departed. To my mind nothing can be more unseemly and utterly irreligious than the common practice of dressing the dead in their Sunday best clothes, or in that clothing which, as it is said, will make them *look most natural*. Holy Scripture speaks of grave clothes, of wrapping the body in fine linen, and of the use of spices and ointment, and we should be mindful of the inspired direction and leave out of the question altogether all that is of this world.

Most shocking instances of the disregard of the Scriptural allusion to the clothing of the dead might be given, but they could do no good in this paper. There is little doubt that the proper clothing for the departed is linen. The old winding sheet was of linen; the cloths or bandages of the Jews were probably of linen; and where linen is not to be had even the decent night apparel of our friends is to be preferred to broadcloth or silk dresses. The very posture in which the dead body is placed is not without significance. The modern idea is, as far as possible, to divest the minds of the mourners of the fact that their friends are dead, and so the poor body is placed in such a position as to make them think their friends are asleep, quietly and peacefully as in life. But what a pretence is this! The departed *is* dead, and we cannot either deny or change the fact. The attempt to place the body in a *comfortable* position is a mockery, and we know it. Better far to let even the hard, cold, dreary look of a stiffened corpse proclaim the reality of death and acknowledge his power than to attempt a mere hollow and sentimental fancy. On the back the body should be laid, with the feet set in that position which in life the body would not assume, and with the arms crossed over the breast as a token of lowly faith and expectation. The use of flowers is now so common that nothing need be said about them, except that too many can never be sent to the chamber of death. They are beautiful at all times, they are full of comfort to the mourner, and the symbolism of their teaching is without limit.

(To be continued.)

## Children's Corner.



### PRIZE QUESTIONS.

#### OLD TESTAMENT.

- (1) Give some account of Moses.
- (2) What references can you give to the plagues of Egypt in other parts of Scripture?
- (3) In what respects was the Passover lamb a type of Christ?

#### NEW TESTAMENT.

- (1) Mention the places visited by S. Paul on his first missionary journey.
- (2) What was the cause of S. Paul being sent to Rome?
- (3) What is the modern name of the island upon which S. Paul was shipwrecked?

A. S. B., Smithtown, made the highest number of marks to the answers to the Questions in the Sept. number, and H. M. S., Hampton, second.



THE  
**Banner of Faith.**

NOVEMBER 1886.

*Hope: the Story of a Loving Heart.*

CHAPTER XI.

**I**T is weary work waiting, we all know, but to wait for a steadily approaching cloud, to dread a tempest which must come—so dark all round are the heavens—such expectation seems to lengthen every minute into an hour.

And such minutes fell to Hope's lot the afternoon that she went forth to meet Harold for the last time.

For the last time! Yes; she repeated those words to herself several times over. The veil had been torn away; she knew now that her husband had never loved her, never given her what her heart called love. How could she, even were he to wish it, which he certainly did not, begin life with him again from such a standpoint? It was impossible. The wound she had received this time was a poisoned one. She must tell him so. Henceforth they must live their separate lives apart.

She was tired now. She had walked some miles, and yet no horsemen were in sight. The party was late in returning. Could it be possible they were staying another night away from home? Hope's heart refused to believe it; such a change would upset all her plans. She sat down on a log by the roadside to consider what she had best do in

such a case. It would soon be dark now. Two men with lanterns came up. They, too, seemed to be on the look-out, but Hope could not summon up courage to address them. She must prepare her story first. Who was she, the poor wayfarer, to be waiting for the gay gentleman-visitor of the Furniss's?

Amidst all her anxiety she still felt hungry, and broke off a bit of pretty Flora's cake to strengthen her for the coming interview. Hark! What was that sound in the distance? A regular tramp coming nearer, nearer, the echo of the horses' feet. The men with the lanterns were peering into the semi-darkness too.

Hope stood up, dreading the moment she had, a little while since, told herself she desired.

She could now see the advancing riders, two of them—only two—and of those two neither was Harold! Perhaps he was following more slowly. Hope tried to assume a careless demeanour, walking with deliberate step past the two young men. They were riding slowly—tired, perhaps—talking quietly together. Hope listened eagerly. She might hear Harold's name, learn something about his doings.

But no! the words were meaningless to her ear. They were explaining something to the men sent to meet them, talking of



some doctor of their acquaintance. 'A clever fellow. When he says a case is a bad one it is all over with a man.' That was the sentence Hope caught. The four men passed on, hardly casting a glance on the dark figure by the roadside.

'Jim's coming along with the mare,' were the last words she heard.

Again the sound of horses' feet—an irregular sound this time. Another rider, yet not Harold, leading a riderless horse. Now Hope looked up. She must ascertain if Harold had ridden that horse the day before, and why, if so, had he remained behind? She spoke to the man—a stableman evidently in the employ of Mr. Furniss. He pulled up at once, quite ready to answer questions.

'The Englishman, you want to know about? Well, yes, he's in a very bad way. As nasty a fall as ever a man had!'

'A fall?' Hope's heart stood still. She had her hand on the man's bridle now. She must hear everything. 'Has Mr. Wentworth had a fall from his horse?' she stammered.

'From this very mare here. And as quiet a creature as there is for miles round. But it ain't likely any beast will stand a plank falling down sudden on to her flanks from a house in building. It was this way, you see. Mr. Wentworth he was riding with a loose rein out of Merseymouth yonder (I was just behind him—I saw it all), when a young fool of a lad came out of the window of a half-put-up shed. "This 'ere won't do," says he, and shies a plank down to his mate, but it catches the paling and falls into the road, hitting Fairy here. She swerves, and chucks Mr. Wentworth against a stone wall. The doctor he thinks badly of him.'

'Where—where is he?' asked Hope, breathlessly. All her thoughts were changed in an instant. Harold injured, suffering, was not the husband she had armed herself to give up with cold contempt. She must go to him at once.

'The master's stayed along of him up at Mrs. Proctor's in Merseymouth. They carried him in there. His back's broken, I think they said. Here, I say, missis, where

are you off to? Are you belonging to the gentleman?'

'Yes, yes,' said Hope, breathlessly; 'I know him. I come from Mr. Furniss's.'

Still she preserved the instinct to shield her husband's reputation.

'Then look here, you wait for yonder trap you see coming along. It's Morty's, and it's bound for Merseymouth. You'll be there in half an hour, for his pony's a stunner to go; and if you're a hand at nursing, the master will be precious glad of you. Here, I'll speak to Morty for you.'

Before Hope could realise what the man meant, a sort of high-wheeled dogcart pulled up beside her, and a lantern-jawed man invited her in.

'What, you're the nurse?' he said. 'The chaps in front told me about the accident. Hope you'll find the poor fellow alive.'

Then, to Hope's great relief, he put his pipe in his mouth and devoted himself to encouraging the pony to its utmost speed. Morty was known in the district for his swift, not to say wild, driving, but Hope felt the pace almost slow.

How this last hour had altered every thought and feeling within her! All she cared for now was to reach Harold, to nurse him. Surely she had been guided here for the purpose.

Merseymouth was a scattered little township, boasting but few good houses. Opposite the best of these, with a bright light shining in an upper window, 'Morty' pulled up with a sudden jerk.

'Proctor's,' he said.

'Thank you,' gasped Hope. 'I—I can't pay you.'

'I should think not,' was the answer. 'Glad I met you; good-bye.'

And Morty spun on. It was quite dark now. Hope groped her way to the door of the house, opened it, and walked straight in. She had decided as she came along what to do and say.

'I am the nurse,' she said. 'May I go upstairs at once?' She guessed she was speaking to Mr. Furniss, a heavy, elderly man, sitting with a rather dejected face in an armchair.

'The nurse! Oh, thank God! Come along, I'll show you up.' He was glad to be of any use, poor gentleman, at this crisis. It was so unlucky, this poor fellow, a guest of his, coming to grief on one of his horses. Hope followed him closely.

'I've brought a nurse,' he said to a

(Flora had insisted on fitting her guest out from her own wardrobe) — that was almost more than she expected of him.

'The doctor thinks he'll come to later on, but it's a hopeless case, Miss—Miss——' She made this attempt to find out Hope's name.



THEY WERE ON THE LOOK-OUT TOO.

middle-aged widow, sitting by a bed whereon lay a covered form that must be Harold's.

Mr. Proctor felt relieved and thankful. Mr. Furniss knew all the resources of the country for miles round, but so soon to find a nurse for an unconscious man—a respectable, capable looking person, too—

'Mrs. Westall,' said Hope, quietly.

'Mrs. Westall—oh yes! Are you from these parts?'

'I have been staying at Mr. Furniss's house.

'Then you knew this poor gentleman, Mr. Wentworth?'

'Yes, I knew him,' said Hope, deliberately; 'and he knows me well. I can take entire charge of him. Do not let me keep you.'

'Well, indeed, I have had to neglect the house since morning, when Mr. Furniss brought the poor young man in,' said Mrs. Proctor. 'I ought to be downstairs. There's the handbell, Mrs. Westall; you've only got to ring it if he comes to, and I'll come and help you. There's nothing to be done for him, the doctor says. A fine young man, too!'

Oh, how thankful Hope was when the busy widow left the room! She flung herself down by the bedside the moment the door closed:

'Harold,' she whispered passionately to the stony face; 'Harold, my husband, I am here—Hope—your wife, Oh, do speak to me, just once—just once!'

But there was a dreadful silence, only broken by the irregular breathing of the injured man.

There was no trace of wound or blow on the white face; the brown hair lay unstained on the pillow. No bones were broken Mrs. Proctor told the new nurse—yet the doctor had pronounced the case hopeless, and had gone away, because he could do absolutely nothing.

'Call me if he wakes and seems to suffer,' he left word. 'But he will not suffer; he is paralysed from the waist downwards.'

The nurse had listened without a movement to her repetition of all this, convincing Mrs. Proctor that she was 'just the right sort of person for a sick-room; so self-possessed!'

If she had only now heard the agonised appeal to the dying man! But she had not heard it, she was busy in her kitchen with the cares of the household. Supper for Mr. Furniss, that engrossed her mind first. The dying man was a stranger to her, Mr. Furniss was a well-known and much-respected neighbour.

Hope still knelt, though she no longer tried to arouse the unconscious form before her. Her eyes travelled higher, and she did what so many have done before her—'called to the Lord in her distress.'

'O God, forgive me!' she cried. 'I meant to punish, and Thou hast laid Thine hand upon me. I would fain have judged, and Thou hast judged me. Forgive me, forgive me. And oh, in Thy Mercy, forgive *him* the sins of his life—of his youth, O Lord! Be not keen to mark what he has done amiss, for I love him.'

Yes, the passionate avowal came from the very depths of Hope's heart. Love is a flower hard to kill. And she did love her husband still. Wounded, wronged, deserted, she felt able yet to take him back to her heart, in his weakness and suffering.

The doctor came at midnight, and was thankful, too, to find 'a regular nurse in possession of the case.' How fortunate that Mrs. Westall happened to be staying at Mr. Furniss's! He gave a few directions. 'You know recovery from such an accident is impossible,' he said calmly, 'but the patient may linger a few days, though I do not think it likely. I will look in in the morning. You are sure you can manage the night without help?'

Yes, Hope was quite sure.

'It is everything, the patient having known you before,' said the doctor as he left the room.

Oh, those night watches by the sick, how face-to-face they bring one with all that is most real in life!

Hope sat with eyes fixed upon her husband's face. Would he die so, with that stony immovable countenance? She prayed: God it might not be so. And the prayer was heard.

Just as daylight stole into the room Harold opened his eyes and fixed them on her. Gradually meaning stole into the gaze, and at last a faint flush dyed his cheek. 'What is it?' said the sick man. 'Where am I? Hope, Hope, tell me quick!'

He was agitated; this must not be. His wife knelt by him and took his hand. 'You have had a fall,' she explained; 'your horse threw you; you were hurt.'

'Hurt! I am dying,' said Harold firmly. Then he grasped Hope's hand in an agony. 'Hope, pray for me,' he cried. 'I have so much to repent of, and so little time.'

Marvellous words for careless Harold to use. Hope did her best to satisfy the unhappy man's cravings, but again and again the remembrance of past sin came to his mind, and he cried aloud, in fear and anguish to the God he had wronged.

Strange to say, his conduct towards Hope seemed to weigh less heavily on his mind than the sins of his youth. He did indeed allude to his sudden flight with the money, but it was with no special sense of dishonesty.

'I meant to double the money, Hope,' he said, 'and then come back to you—I did, indeed.' And Hope now fully believed the poor foolish, easily-led man. She had rightly deemed that his flight from Messrs. Willis and Saunders was the result of disgust at their hardly concealed greed for his possessions. 'I intended to come back to you, Hope,' he repeated, 'but I was ashamed, so I thought I would look at some land first, and then I changed my name for a time, but I meant no harm. I never said I was not married. It was they who fancied it.'

Hope let him go on. It seemed better not to check him. In the face of coming death he laid his heart bare to her. 'Let me tell you everything, Hope, and then you can pray to God for me,' he gasped. 'Hold my hand tight. Never leave me.'

And then he began a painful sketch of his erring, wilful life.

'My mother spoilt me,' he said, 'and I took advantage of it. We were poor, but I had the best of everything. She got me well educated, but I only rewarded her with neglect. Then she died, and I left my old father and went about looking for a situation that I liked. But I never stayed long in any. And then there was that breakdown of the train at Abermawr, and I came to you. I haven't been a kind husband to you, Hope, hardly ever, but I meant no harm; it was only that I wanted the best of everything for myself. Other girls amused me, but I did not love them. I cared for you more than any of them, though I would not do what you wished. Hope, are you angry with me?'

For answer Hope kissed the poor hand she held in hers. 'I love you,' she said.

But now the terror returned. 'Can God forgive me?' he asked again and again. 'I have thought so little of Him. I have tried to get away from Him; and now I am going to be judged by Him.'

Harold stated his own case with fearful plainness, and Hope put aside her own anguish to try and lead him to the only hope of the sinner. Oh, if only they had been in England, or at least in some place where she could have secured the help of some good clergyman for the dying man! But there was no one in Merseymouth.

The pitiful tale of self-accusation wore itself out at last. Hope was praying silently for forgiveness in this late repentance when Harold pressed her hand once more. 'Hope, that is not all, my father, he is alive, old and poor!'

Hope started. She never guessed that Harold had any living relative. It gave her a new shock. Had the poor fellow's selfishness caused him to fail in every relation of life? 'Tell me about him, Harold,' she said gently, for strength was rapidly failing the sufferer.

'I did help him a little after I married you,' he said feebly. 'I sent him some money twice, but I didn't like you to know.'

'Why, dear?' asked Hope trying to keep her voice steady, these revelations were so astonishing.

'Because he was in—the—workhouse,' said Harold slowly. 'Hope,' he cried, 'will you help him? There is the money, you know.'

Yes, Hope knew that only too well. It cost her a pang to go back to the remembrance the money awakened, but she must face that. There was work to be done now. The time had come for action.

'Of course I will, Harold,' she answered. 'But now you must do one thing for me. When Mr. Furniss comes up you must tell him I am your wife. No one here knows it yet. Just one word, dear, no more.'

It was quite necessary to go through this identification. Harold, in his feeble state,

hardly grasped the reason, but he spoke out plainly before both Mr. Furniss and Mrs. Proctor a few minutes later.

'This is my wife,' he said simply, to their great surprise. 'A good wife,' he added, and the words were poor Hope's solace in after-days. 'Will you be kind to her when I am gone?'

Then the two went downstairs marvelling at the strange confession, and Harold said, 'Pray again, Hope, pray always, and, oh, hold me tight—tight!'

But before the sun was yet high in the heavens, Hope knew that she grasped the hand of the dead.

(To be continued.)

## Heroes of the Christian Faith.

S. AUGUSTINE, BISHOP OF HIPPO.

**H**OW little is commonly known of the history of the Church in Africa! Perhaps less than anywhere else. The Africans are so far removed from us, in race, in habits, in instincts. We are not seriously interested in them. We can sympathise with the struggles of Christianity in France or America, or in our own colonies—for the people there have much in common with us. They share our civilisation, our ideas, and our ambitions. But the 'dark continent' seems to most of us to deserve its name. It is wrapped in darkness, and so is largely hidden from our view, and banished from our thoughts.

And yet of late years English people have watched with considerable sympathy a Church in South Africa struggling into existence, and bravely fighting for its life amid many and great difficulties. We believe they have been doing more. They have been praying for it, too. They have been praying that God will put an end to the troubles that have distracted both Church and State in those far distant parts, and that to each He will give His blessing of peace.

But we may well look upon the Church of South Africa with courageous hope. For she is a Church, not of the past, but of the future. Her troubles are the troubles of childhood. Her work lies before her. Her best days are to come. It is true she

needs our prayers and sympathy now. The time may come when we shall need hers. For it is with individual Churches as it is with nations and empires. There are the days of infancy, prime, and old age. They rise into youthful vigour; they leave, may be, their mark upon history, and they sink alas! too often into a slow decline. Few are so faithful as to escape the threat of the Book of the Revelation. Prosperity intoxicates. Not once or twice only has the candlestick been removed, that it may shed elsewhere a brighter light. The Churches of Ephesus, Smyrna, and Laodicea; the famous Churches of S. Paul immortalised in his Epistles, where are they? Grown careless in the possession of great privileges, like Israel of old they forfeited them. Is there laid up in the future some such fate for England? God forbid!

There was once a Church of North Africa. The northern sea-board, washed by the waters of the Mediterranean, was the land of Christian people. Those that now sit in the darkness of Mahommedanism have seen a great light. But the candlestick has long since been removed, and the Church of North Africa is no more. Her opportunities have gone; her work is done; her roll of saints is completed.

And yet the Church of North Africa was once as full of life and vigour as our own. Her history may have been comparatively short, but it was brilliant. And if she has

left behind, for the Church of all time, a serious warning, she has also bequeathed to us lessons of encouragement and hope. It was this Church that strenuously endeavoured to raise the standard of Christian living. Her very mistakes and heresies arose from her aiming high. She gave to the Church Universal a S. Cyprian, a Perpetua, a Tertullian. Above all she gave an Augustine.

Probably no man since S. Paul has more influenced the Church and her teaching than this eminent saint. He stands out conspicuous among the heroes of the past. His thoughts have become the thoughts of the whole Christian world. Augustine was born at Thagaste, a city of Numidia, in the year 354. His mother, Monica, was a Christian, his father a heathen. At the early age of seventeen he lost his father, and was henceforth dependent upon his mother for his training. There is another S. Augustine whom our Church has reason to remember with affectionate gratitude—the one who came over at the bidding of Gregory to plant Christianity in Saxon England. The two must not be confounded. They were very different men. And the S. Augustine of Canterbury may well engage our thoughts on another occasion.

The influence of a good mother is not always apparent at once in the character of her child. Often she has to suffer grievous disappointment. The seed she has taken so much pains to implant does not spring up. Her son is wilful and wayward. He strays as a prodigal into far distant lands. He pays no heed to her words. He laughs at her fears. But let her only persevere in faith. The seed is not lost. It is but buried deep in the soil. Her prayers and her tears are not in vain. They will bring forth fruit in due season.

It was so with Monica. Many a day was to pass before she could witness the results of her labours in her son Augustine. Much of his early life he spent in idleness and worse. He became familiar with vice, and sank deeper and deeper into it. The Holy Scriptures had no attraction for him at this period. As they fell upon his ears they

were meaningless to him. It was the time of the sowing of his wild oats. It is sometimes said that a man is none the worse for sowing in his youth wild oats. 'Let him see,' it is argued, 'all sides of life; the experience will stand him in good stead when he sobers down.' Such an argument is both wrong and fallacious; for let alone the fact that 'to sow wild oats' is but another term for sinning against the Most High and the Most Holy, it is certain in all conditions of life, that 'whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.' The story of Augustine gives no encouragement to such sentiments. His early sins laid up for him pangs of sorrow and remorse, which never left him until his dying day. The memory of a great sin once committed will haunt us to the end. The Psalmist's advice as to how to obtain peace at the last is good and sound. It is to 'Keep innocency and take heed unto the thing that is right.' To have been forgiven after a fall is blessed. But not to have fallen at all is more blessed.

But S. Augustine suffered further for his early sins. It is the misfortune of the careless and sinful, of those whose lives are undisciplined, that to the first teachers who may cross their path they fall an easy prey. They have no power of discerning between right and wrong. Knowing nothing better, they accept the first kind of teaching that comes to hand, and thus unwittingly fall victims to gross error. It was so with Augustine. He had to take a roundabout way to the truth. It was by a long and tortuous path of darkness that he finally reached the light. Far happier those who learn the best way at the outset, who with a single eye have grace to make straight for the goal.

At the age of twenty Augustine became a Manichean. A strange and fantastic heresy it was. The Manicheans believed in a god of light and a god of darkness. They forbade their people to eat flesh. They might not even gather the fruits of the earth or pluck a herb with their own hands. Much of their teaching was the wildest nonsense. Augustine soon became wearied of this creed, and sought eagerly for some higher form of truth. He had come to loathe his life of sin. He de-

sired seriously to live for the highest good.

The prayers and tears of his mother were already being answered, though not as speedily as she desired. She appealed to her bishop for his help and advice. 'Let him alone a while,' was the reply she received. 'Go thy way, and God will bless thee, for it is not possible that the child of so many tears should perish.' The bishop was right. God was answering her prayers slowly but effectually.

First to Rome, then to Milan, Augustine wandered in his restlessness. At Milan he met with Ambrose, its bishop, and under the teaching of Ambrose he was converted to the Faith of Christ. Here he eagerly perused S. Paul's Epistles, which spoke to him with quite a new meaning. And he felt himself another man. Shortly after his baptism, Monica, the desire of her heart fulfilled, died in peace.

In the seeming chances which led to S. Augustine's conversion we see the steady course of God's overruling power. 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.' No earnest seeker after the truth is ever denied it. Be true to conscience, and God will bring you right. For those who earnestly strive after it, light is never long withheld. A wrong faith is often the result of a wrong life. But to a meek and humble spirit the gates of heaven ever stand open. No one who has read his beautiful 'Confessions' can doubt the earnestness and sincerity with which Augustine sought to find God, or the long pain and anguish he endured before he found Him.

He did find Him, however. And strong himself, he set to work to strengthen others. He attacked and exposed the evil that lay hid in the doctrines of his old friends the

Manicheans. The Donatists were another influential body of heretics in his day. They were the forerunners of our own early Puritans. They endeavoured to form a Church in which the tares were to be rooted out from among the wheat, the good fish to be separated from the bad, forgetting our Lord's teaching upon the subject. Some of them, rather than work with their own hands, set up a system of begging from house to house, and while making high professions, indulged themselves in every kind of licentiousness. As they went along they sang or shouted 'Praise be to God!' and this song, said Augustine, was heard with greater dread than the roaring of a lion. These and several other kinds of heresies that afflicted the Church in his time S. Augustine opposed, endeavouring to win back those who professed them by kindness and patience. It is ever best so: to try and persuade those who hold false opinions, not to force them. To gently remind those who neglect their duty, 'you ought'—not fulminate 'you must.' It is true that Augustine did not always follow this method. The times were very different from our own. And compulsion was supposed to find scriptural warrant in the text, 'Compel them to come in.' But the cruelties of persecution which have been witnessed since his day, he would have abhorred no less than we.

For thirty-five years Augustine was Bishop of Hippo, and the foremost man of the African Church. His writings, which were many and various, remain as a precious heritage to the Church universal for all time, and a monument of his great intellect and his entire devotion to the service of God.

J. H. M.



## Baptism during Service.

‘**T**HERE is a christening to-day!’ A happy, heavenly sight!  
 Another little mortal child made heir of life and light:  
 Another little seedling placed with due and reverent care  
 Within the Garden of the Lord, to bud and blossom there.

‘It makes the service very long!’ But is the time misspent  
 Wherein we greet the babe new-born, and kneel with one consent  
 To say ‘Our Father’ for the lips that have not learnt to plead,  
 And ask the daily bread for one unconscious yet of need?

‘But they might choose some other time!’ Ah! who could grudge to stay?  
 Before the little one there lies a hard and untried way:  
 Our prayers to-day may help him, till this troublous world be past,  
 And he whom now we welcome here may welcome us at last.

F. A.

## Rahm and Motce.

A STORY FROM INDIA.

**I**N a small native Christian village in the North West Provinces of India, under the great banian tree which still spreads its wide arms over the ruins of an ancient Hindoo temple, there were playing two children—a boy and a girl.

The boy might have been about twelve years old, and the girl a few years younger. They were not brother and sister, but they always worked together in the carpet factory with their parents. They were not married, as they would have been at their age if they had been the children of heathen parents, and neither were they baptised, but that was owing to the neglect of their Christian fathers and mothers.

They lived at different ends of the village, but under the shade of the thick-spreading leaves they came to play together, and their play consisted in arranging little broken bits of earthenware saucers on the edge of an old white tomb that contained the remains of some former priest of the old temple.

They had begged a little oil to burn in

their saucers from the old oil-man who lived near by, and though the oil was very coarse, and smelt very nasty, they did not mind that. They thought it very delightful to have it; and when they lit it up in their broken saucers and their little lights shone in a row along a ledge of the tomb, they thought that nothing they had ever seen looked so beautiful and bright.

As it happened, this evening the Bishop had come with an English clergyman to see the village, and he first paid a visit to the kind old native clergyman who lived close to the church. He had a clean little house, with two rooms and a verandah all round. The old man was rather blind, but he could still read his Bible with a pair of spectacles, and he preached every Sunday in the church.

He was so blind and old, however, that though he sometimes visited the old Christians of the village and talked to them about the Bible, and could see whether or no his church was filled with worshippers, yet he could not go about much, for on Sundays after the service was over, he felt very tired, and on other days his people all



went away to work at the factories, except the old weak ones like himself.

This is how it happened that some of the native parents who had been baptised and made Christians themselves, lived on and on, and forgot that their children ought to be baptised too, till it got to be overlooked, and they went on till they were quite big, and no one thought of asking if they had been received into the Church in the manner ordained, or not.

The Bishop and the old priest walked down the village in the cool of the evening, and as they passed the banian tree the two children were lighting their little lamps. The Bishop stopped and watched them, but the children did not see him at first. Then the old priest called out to them, and they looked round. The little girl was frightened and drew back into the shade, pulling her veil over her face, but the boy said, 'It is our priest, sister,' and took her hand and led her to him.

The native children who live in the same village call each other 'brother' and 'sister,' and some of the native Christians in that place still wore linen veils, though others had cast them off.

'What are you doing, my children?' asked the old man.

'We are doing poojah,' answered the boy in his native tongue—'poojah' means worship, worship to a false god.

'What, my child,' answered the priest, 'are you not Christians?'

'Yes,' said the boy.

'Then who do you do poojah to here?'

'The spirit lives here in this tree,' said the boy, 'and see, there is his temple which is knocked down.'

'Who told you that a spirit lived here?'

'I don't know; all the children in the village say so,' replied the boy, 'and we know it is a holy place, like unto our church.'

The priest was exceedingly grieved when he heard this, and said he would make enquiries and find out who had spread the superstition. The Bishop stopped a little longer and asked the girl her name.

'Motee,' said the child, and smiled as she

met the kind, beautiful face of the Bishop, and her eyes shone as she held up her little face towards his.

'Motee, that means a *pearl*,' he said; 'but it is not a Christian name. And your name, my boy?'

'Rahm.'

The Bishop shook his head. Rahm is a name in Hindoo mythology. He was sure that the children had never received Holy Baptism.

A thought crossed his mind—it was of the blessed Saint Gregory, when he saw the heathen children in the market-place of Rome—and he said, 'Motee, thou art a precious jewel, and ought to be set among God's treasures; and, Rahm, thy name means *Son of the Destroyer*—thou shalt become a child of God. Both of you shall be received through the grace of Baptism into the Church of God.'

Then the old priest promised to find out where the children's parents lived, and ask them to let the children come every day for instruction. He was surprised when he discovered that the name of the girl's mother was Anna, and the father of the boy was called Athanasius, and yet, though bearing the names of such great and holy persons, they had suffered their children to grow up neglected and unbaptised.

But they themselves had only been received into the Church a few years back, and they had not got accustomed to the Christian practice of bringing young babies to the font, they thought it would be time enough to do that when they were older.

Now, the old priest took great pains to explain to them their mistake.

'Supposing,' he said, 'you had died while these children were quite young and untaught, they would have drifted back into the old superstition. You would be grieved to think of that happening.'

Then he asked them to let Motee and Rahm come to his house to be taught; but the parents replied that they were very poor, and could not spare them from the factory. So they were to come every Sunday and learn. At first this made the children look sad, for Sunday was the

only day when they had time to play under the banian tree and light the lamps on the tomb. But very soon they began to love to go to their teacher and talk to him, and liked better to sit at the feet of the priest of the holy living God than by the tomb of the heathen priest of the temple.

Soon a holy light shone into their hearts and gave them a new delight in thinking of the joy and consolation they might bring to their fathers and mothers and friends in the world, instead of wasting their time in imagining a vain thing as the heathen do.

At last came the day when they were to be baptised, and they stood at the font side by side. Their fathers and mothers were there as witnesses, but there were no sponsors, as the children were old enough to answer for themselves.

Motee wore a spotless white linen veil half drawn over her face, and her large dark eyes looked out darker and brighter and more beautiful than ever, for she had lost her look of extreme timidity while still keeping her sweet maiden modesty.

They made their vows earnestly and truly; their parents choosing for them the names of *James* and *Amelia*. When they went back to their village that evening the two young Christians were very grave and silent, so that the rest of the little company who walked home with them soon left them alone, and then the children dropped a little behind the others.

As they passed by the great banian tree, Rahm took Motee's hand, but she turned away her face and would not look at the old tomb and the broken saucers, for she felt in herself a strange thrill as she remembered the many happy evenings they had spent there—it was very wrong and unchristian, she knew—but she could not help a pang of regret when she knew that she could never

play with those lamps again, nor offer up service in an idol grove.

All she could do was to turn away. She would not even *look* at temptation.

What horror and palpitation seized her poor little heart, when Rahm, who still held her hand, stopped and said gravely, 'Look, Motee.'

She tried to pull away her hand, but could not.

'Motee,' he said, 'this is a sacred place.'

'No, no, no,' sobbed the girl, breaking out into helpless passionate weeping.

'Motee,' said the boy, 'look up, and I will tell you why it is a sacred place.'

'It is *not*; the priest said it is not.'

'I must tell you, Motee,' he said calmly; 'it is not wrong. Listen to me. It is sacred, because we first met here and played together; and then it was here the good Bishop saw us and called us; and now, Motee, since we are both united to Christ Jesus in a spiritual bond, I ask you here to become my wife.'

Motee trembled and wept more softly, but a gentle smile was on her sweet face. She raised her large soft eyes to her little brother in Christ, and he held both her hands and said, 'Is this not peace, sister?'

Her eyes wandered through the dark boughs of the great tree, and she said quietly, 'Let us leave this place and go to our people.'

'Yes,' he answered gravely; 'let us leave those things that are behind, and press forward to the things that are before—toward the mark of the high calling of Christ.'

And never were there two who led a holier life, or were more loved in the village, than Rahm and Motee. In the parish register they are called James and Amelia, for in the Christian Church they were married.



## A Worthy Member of the Humane Society.

**H**IS name is 'Old Joe,' and he has saved two lives, so he deserves to have his story told, though he is only an old canal horse, tramping day by day, with treadmill steps, along the narrow path by the water side. Some folks might fancy that he has no ideas beyond the food in his own nosebag, or the stable in which he will rest after the day's work is over; but then they aren't as wise as they think themselves, and they don't know Old Joe as we do, nor what a brave and tender old heart he has, though he looks rather rough to a stranger.

The first life that Joe saved was little Kate's. She was playing on her father's boat and fell overboard just as the barge was passing. There were people about, but the first to see her was the old horse, and he dashed into the water in a moment, caught the child's frock in his teeth and swam to the opposite side of the canal where the bank was low and he could drag her out easily.

It was quite characteristic of Joe to decline after this to swim back. He could make extra exertions when necessary, but he

had no intention of taking another cold bath needlessly when there was no good to be got by so doing, so he was led round by a bridge about a mile from the spot where the accident had happened.

Joe's second exploit was the rescue of the lad who daily drove him on the tow-path. The boy was wrestling with a companion, and in the struggle managed to fall into the water. He could not swim, but Joe could, and while the boatman was searching for a long pole, there was a plunge and a splash and the brave old horse was seen dragging the lad to land. Joe's master is proud of him, but most people, not knowing his history, would hardly glance at the rough-coated old fellow. Ah! it does not do to judge from the outside, and it is not horses only, but men also who get misunderstood at times. It seems to me the best plan not to try and judge other people at all, for no one of us would like to find out one day that we had been looking down upon a neighbour who was a hero all the while, though we had not managed to find it out.

## Not Ready.

**G**EORGE. A black-edged letter, Jem, and a funeral card! I never knew there had been a death in your family?

*Jem.* No, thank God! no more there has. But all the same, I feel as if some one had struck me a blow when I look at this here card. 'Lewis Adams, aged 28.'

*George.* Adams! Why, I knew him. That wild young fellow, who came here with the railway lot three years back. Is he dead?

*Jem.* Aye. A tunnel up on the Yorkshire line fell in and crushed him badly, so the letter says. He only lived two hours. Here's the card.

*George (reads).* 'Lewis Adams, aged 28. Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.' That's what the penitent thief said on the Cross.

*Jem.* Yes.

*George.* Jem, you know his people. Had he turned less wild since he was here?

*Jem.* I'm afraid not. Last time I heard of him he was going on in the old way.

*George.* What! scoffing at religion? Drinking and fighting? He used to say no man should be his master; he'd do just what he chose in spite of magistrate and parson. Some of the lads were carried away

by that free sort of talk, and thought him a very fine fellow.

*Jem.* Aye, they never guessed he had a master all the while, poor chap, and a very hard one.

*George.* I know what you mean. Yes, he did seem to serve the Devil. Well, poor lad, we must try and forget that now he's gone. I never like to hear anyone speak bad of a dead person.

*Jem.* No, but all the same, George, I don't think we are meant to forget such matters. Surely they are warnings we ought to heed.

*George.* How did he die, Jem? Was he insensible after the accident?

*Jem.* No; he had his senses to the last. His brother has written the whole account to me. He just said, 'I'm done for,' when they got him out; and he kept on saying that all the while.

*George.* They took him to the hospital of course?

*Jem.* No, he was too bad. They got him into a hut near by, and sent for the doctor. His hurts were dreadful, they said; but he seemed to feel no pain in his body. It was all in his mind. He spoke out then like he always used to do, 'Mates,' he said, 'if I'd only another week—only a day—to mend my ways.'

*George.* Was there no one to say a good word then to the poor fellow?

*Jem.* Yes, a lady chanced to be at hand, and she did what she could for him body and soul. 'I've been a sinner all my life,' he says to her. 'The Lord died on the Cross for sinners,' says she; 'think of that.' 'I've scorned Him and mocked Him. He won't save me now,' he said then. 'He'll save all that come to Him,' says she. 'How can I come? There's no time,' says he. And then he started the old cry, 'I'm done for.'

*George.* Poor lad! he'd left it till too late.

*Jem.* John Adams has written it all down for me. He and I used to be friends, and I tried to get hold of Lewis, but couldn't. It was a wild sort of place where the accident took place. For a long time only Mrs. Apsley from the Hall was with him. She

was passing in her pony-carriage, and got out, while she sent the groom on to the town to fetch the doctor.

*George.* She seems to have had her wits about her.

*Jem.* She's a very good lady, John said. She prayed hard for Lewis, his mates said, and asked them to help her.

*George.* Did the poor chap say no word at the last?

*Jem.* He got hold of her hands when she stopped praying for a moment and said, 'Go on, go on; don't stop.' That was all. The men said it was a dreadful sight to see his anxious face up to the last minute.

*George.* Well! that's a good text they've chosen for the card. No one need despair that thinks of the penitent thief. That story gives comfort to a many.

*Jem.* To too many, I'm afraid. I'm not thinking now of this poor lad. We're not called to judge him before the time. No sinner's case is too bad for the Saviour, and at least poor Adams did not die a hardened sinner.

*George.* Well, Jem, if *he* might take comfort from the penitent thief, who else may not?

*Jem.* You and I, lad, and a lot more. Many people lead easy, God-forgetting lives because they choose to think that God is so merciful He will forgive them their sins at the last moment.

*George.* Aye. I've heard them scores of times saying that they can always do like the thief on the Cross, then.

*Jem.* But can they, George?

*George.* Well, unless they are killed suddenly, right off, as doesn't often happen. I suppose they'd have time to say 'Lord, have mercy.'

*Jem.* And they think then they are doing as the poor thief did, with hope of the same reward?

*George.* Yes.

*Jem.* George, have you ever thought what the dying robber really did in that dreadful moment?

*George.* Prayed to God, Jem.

*Jem.* Prayed to God, yes. But to God on the Cross, dying as a man, as a con-

demned criminal, despised by the rulers of the land, the scorn of all. Yet the poor thief knew him for God in that poor condition, and called Him Lord.

*George.* I heard a sermon about that once. The preacher asked us if we should have had such faith in his place.

*Jem.* Aye, he believed and repented, and was forgiven. But a chance of showing such faith as that, in a dying moment, is given to none else. We, in a Christian country, are taught to see God in the dying Saviour from our childhood.

*George.* I suppose we are worse off, then, if we don't believe.

*Jem.* Yes, because we have the light, and yet don't walk in it.

*George.* But, Jem, you don't say there can't be death-bed repentances now?

*Jem.* God forbid! Who am I to shorten the arms of the Lord? But it's sad work, trusting to it.

*George.* A many do. I've heard them say they would enjoy themselves while they were young, and when they got sick or old it would be time enough to turn to God.

*Jem.* We won't say much now about the sort of enjoyment such folk get, even in this life. It's the folly of counting on repentance, as a thing they can reckon upon having any minute, that startles me.

*George.* Can't a man repent at any minute?

*Jem.* God may grant repentance to the wickedest sinner at any minute, I grant you. He is all-powerful. But when He puts into men's hearts the feeling that He ought to be worshipped, that they have to repent of their sins and amend their lives, and they steadily turn to, and try to stifle those thoughts, saying to themselves, or even aloud, 'We'll do that by-and-by when we've had our fill of this world.' Then they can't expect Him to listen to them, when they cry to Him on their death-beds.

*George.* But He listened to the robber.

*Jem.* Perhaps the robber had never seen the Lord before, never had the call before; his sins might have been committed out of the darkness of a heathen heart.

*George.* I wish folk would take to and

think of these things. I know how they really do put the matter. Here's a man, they say—a robber—a deal worse than I've ever been, and yet the Lord forgave him at the last, so there's hope for all.

*Jem.* Forgetting the many calls they've had to repentance, and the way in which they have turned their backs on their Lord. George, have you ever heard speak of the Lacey's?

*George.* That bad lot that used to live in the tumble-down house in Blair's Alley?

*Jem.* Yes. No one seems to care to live in the place since *she* died.

*George.* The children say they see her ghost at the window still.

*Jem.* Poor soul! I don't wonder they get up such stories. It's a pitiful tale.

*George.* I've often heard folks say that they were as bad a lot as need be, root and branch, mother and all.

*Jem.* Yes. They were given up to all kinds of wickedness. No decent people would let their children go along with the young Lacey's. It was no use speaking to Mrs. Lacey, the parson tried that on many times. She just told him to let her be. And so it went on till she fell ill.

*George.* Aye. Some one told me that your missis was very good to her, then.

*Jem.* It was just after our baby died, and my poor girl had a very soft heart for all sick folk. She'd take Janet Lacey a bit of pudding or a plate of fruit out of the garden, and tidy her room for her, when other folk wouldn't go nigh the place. Those great girls of hers were out all day after their own pleasure, and never looked after her; and now and again she'd try to get her to listen to a word of reading. But the poor soul was as hard as a flint.

*George.* They say she worked to the last?

*Jem.* Yes. She wasn't idle. The children said their mother was a miser, and they were always robbing her when they found the opportunity. At last she got so weak she had to take to her bed. My wife looked after her altogether then, and won her over to let the parson in. After a while the poor soul seemed to lend an ear to his words. She really tried to repent, but (mind, I'm only

speaking like a man, George, who can't see the heart), she didn't seem able to repent. My wife used to come home with the tears running down her cheeks. You see, the poor creature had lived all her life for this world, and it seemed as if she couldn't set to and prepare for another. She was too weak and ill and ignorant in her weakness.

*George.* She'd put it off too long.

*Jem.* It looked like it. But all the while the parson wouldn't give up. One day she'd try to pray at his bidding, and the next she'd be cold and dry and only want him gone, and so it went on and on till the last day.

*George.* Was your Sarah with her then?

*Jem.* Yes, never left her those last few days. She heard her last words. They haunted my poor girl for months. 'It's come now,' says the poor soul, 'and I'm not ready.'

*George.* And then she died?

*Jem.* Shut her eyes with a little gasp, and was gone.

*George.* Well, that don't seem to encourage leaving repentance to one's death-bed.

*Jem.* No. The parson looked very sad when he spoke to me about it.

*George.* He'd a poor hope of her?

*Jem.* No, he didn't say that. But he was like my Sarah. Those words, *I'm not ready*, haunted him. Yet he took comfort that they sounded humble. Perhaps the door would not be shut on even such feeble repentance—

we can't tell, and we may hope. Sarah said she wished all careless folk, who put off repentance to a death-bed, could have heard the poor thing's hollow voice making that sad speech. 'It's come now, and I'm not ready.'

*George.* Were her children by?

*Jem.* No. Ran like rats from a fall'ng house, left her all alone till—

*George.* Ah, I remember, till the breath was out of her body, and then came back and robbed the corpse!

*Jem.* Yes, took the few pounds from under her pillow she'd scratched so painfully together for her funeral. The parish buried her at last.

*George.* Poor soul, poor soul! Jem, you've made me feel quite low.

*Jem.* I don't wonder. It's a miserable thought, having all to do at the last. Don't it seem almost like madness? Quite a decent man will spend a lot of time and thought preparing his worldly affairs for death, putting into a club, insuring his life, and so forth, but he thinks five minutes at the very end will do for his soul.

*George.* It's because he doesn't see that the use of life is to fit one for death.

*Jem.* Live well if you want to die well.

*George.* I've a lot of things in my mind about this subject, Jem, but my time's up. I must be off. You'll let me have my talk out another time.

*Jem.* Certainly. Good night, George.

## Our Father.

**M**EN are told that God stands to them in the light of a Father. Yet they do not say, 'My Father loves me, so there must be a blessing in the troubles which He sends me.'

Rather they begin to judge Him, their Maker as well as their Father, grumbling and complaining at His ordering of their lives.

What should we think of the little child who sulked and cried, 'My father is no loving father; he holds my hand when I

want to run about; he struck me with the rod the day I played by the river, and when I was ill and my head ached he gave me bitter medicine instead of the sugar I asked for.'

Surely someone would reply, 'You foolish child, your father holds your hand to keep you from falling and wounding yourself. He let you feel the rod that you might never again be tempted to play by the deep dangerous river, and he gave you a bitter drink to cure your pain. It is to him you

owe your present health and safety, ungrateful little one!

And are not many men—are not you indeed like this little child? You complain of your Father in heaven because He keeps you poor, perhaps, and unable to do the things you would. He let you feel His rod the other day to prevent you repeating that sin you fell into. He afflicts you now to make you well for all eternity.

You are, perhaps, but five years old as regards God, like that little child, and you have no sense to judge Him, the great Creator of all men.

Be humble, then, and do as you would like your little child to do to you. Trust God though you do not yet understand His dealings. He is your Father.

## My Enemy.

TOM WATSON'S STORY.

**M**Y enemy.' That's what I used to call him. Not that ever he did me any harm, or wanted to do me any, but I took a spite against him from the very first, when we were little lads together, and there was always something or other to keep it going.

One Sunday we'd been quarrelling on the road to school, and calling each other all the names we could think of, and when Miss Mary asked me in class if I knew what '*an enemy*' was, I blurted out 'Fred Walters,' and made everybody laugh.

They all knew that Fred and I were always fighting, and Miss Mary knew it too, so she just smiled to herself and said no more then, but she gave me a talking-to afterwards.

Yes, we used to be always fighting about one thing or another, but we were friends then compared to what we came to be when we were grown up, though we left off fighting before that.

We grew up and got beyond Miss Mary, and never went to her class any more; though I, for one, never saw her about the street but my heart warmed to her still, and my cap went off of itself.

Fred joined Mr. Morton's Bible Class—he was the clergyman—but I did nothing of the kind. I was a rough lot in those days, and not easy to have to do with; and I was fool enough to be proud of it.

Fred and I were not like to be better friends, for all the fellows about knew what

a spite I had against him, and thought it good fun to set us on at one another; but I never laid hand upon him, for he was but a little chap still, and I had grown up so strong and big that I could have picked him up under my arm and carried him away.

I didn't keep my tongue off him though, especially on a Sunday, when he was dressed up, spick-and-span, in his black clothes as fine as any parson, going off to Bible Class with his books under his arm.

Somehow the sight of him then made me feel mad. I didn't mind him half so much on a weekday, when we were all coming back from the pits together, as black as a coal.

He always managed to pass by where I would be standing, with a lot of other chaps, in front of the 'Miner's Arms,' though there was another way he might have gone. And he always gave a civil answer or none, whatever we said to him. It says in the Good Book that a soft answer turns away wrath, but I used to think sometimes that if he'd only speak up sharp, once for all, and show a bit of spirit, I'd let him alone from that time forward.

Fred Walters lived with his old father and mother, and folks said that he helped them a good bit. Anyway, theirs was as comfortable a house as any in the place, and Fred was as steady as could be. A very great favourite he was with Mr. Morton, and a credit to the parish—so they used to say.

As for me, I was no credit to anyone, and

I knew that well enough. *My* Sunday suit was a sight to be seen, and what was more I didn't care to have a better. I didn't 'trouble' church or chapel much, as they say in our part of the world.

There was nobody belonging to me but my old mother, and she was all doubled up with the rheumatism till she could neither set her foot to the ground nor scarcely lift her hand to her head. I used to pay one of the neighbours to come in and do for her, but she didn't make much hand of it, for the place was always in a muddle—and a dirty muddle, I may say.

I asked her many a time to let some one come in that would keep us a bit cleaner, but she never would.

I think she'd been in that way all her life, and she wouldn't have felt like herself if things had all been cleaned up and straight. I didn't care much myself, but now and then I used to feel ashamed when I heard that Miss Mary had been to see my mother. I knew the place looked like a pig-sty, and most likely Miss Mary thought it was all my fault.

My mother liked to sit up in her chair all day, and she was a biggish woman and heavy, so no one could lift her back again into bed but me. Many a time, when I was going down to the town—that was three miles off—I've waited in till eight or nine o'clock that I might get her to her bed comfortable first.

I remember, as well as possible, one market day it was after nine before I could get off, and just outside the village I met Fred Walters.

'Well! are you back from the town?' I cried. 'I wouldn't start till I thought you'd be back.'

'Isn't it a pity to be so late?' he said, in his soft, civil-spoken way. 'All the respectable folks will have gone by the time you get down.'

'Then it'll suit me all the better,' I said, and laughed, and went on.

A day or two after Mr. Morton stopped and spoke to me, and begged of me to think what I was doing. 'Such a sad thing it was,' he said, 'to get into bad, unsteady

habits, and how could I bring myself to leave my poor, helpless old mother alone so late?'

I was too bad-tempered to tell Mr. Morton how it was, but I thought to myself that Master Fred must have been telling him about me, and I wished that Fred had been a bit nearer my own size, that I might have had a good turn at him once for all.

I remember the winter when all this happened well enough, though it is not much in itself to call to mind. But that was the year of the great colliery explosion at Carneford.

Folks that only read about it in newspapers have forgotten all about it by now, maybe, but it'll never be forgotten in our place. Nearly a hundred men from this village worked down there, and fifteen of them were killed, besides many more from all the villages round. And when we heard the names read out of those that were missing I think there wasn't a man amongst us but thought to himself, '*It might have been me.*'

I know I thought so, for by chance, as it were, I'd just changed my time for going to work, and if I hadn't changed it I'd have been in the pit when the explosion came off, and in the worst part, too. I called it chance *then*, but I should call it something different now.

I was all the time down at Carneford just then, and so were many more, hanging round the pit-mouth day and night, to see if there was anything they could do.

It was some time before anyone could get into the pit to look for the poor creatures below, but long before it was safe they were making ready to go down. You see, there's always a chance that some one may be left alive, though this time it was a poor chance enough.

I was standing close behind the manager when he asked us which of us would go down and see what could be done. And I answered straight out, in a minute, 'I'll go!' and before I'd done speaking a dozen others were crying all at once, 'I'll go.'

Fred Walters was there amongst the rest, but he didn't speak up with them. Perhaps



he was thinking of his old father and mother, and he must have known that he was not so strong as some. But he looked up and caught my eye, and I suppose the devil was busier with me than usual, for I gave him a look—a sneering, jeering look—that might well have fetched up the spirit of the patientest man that ever lived.

His face flushed red all over, and he looked back at me for a minute, and then he stepped forward. 'Please, sir,' he said—Fred couldn't forget his manners, even then—'may I go too?'

Mr. Carter nodded his head. 'All right,' he said; 'you'll be wanted with the next lot, perhaps. Watson, you come down in the first lot with me.'

As we were going down, Mr. Carter spoke to his brother-in-law, a slim young fellow with a face like a girl, who'd come from a distance to help him just then.

'Morris!' he said, 'if we can get about at all down there you shall take Saunders and Watson—they know the place as well as anybody—and make your way round by the north working, and bring me word how you find things. The rest of us will get round by the lower working, *if we can*, and meet you. Watson will know where.'

Mr. Morris looked at me and nodded. He said nothing, and I wondered if he was afraid.

The cage stopped and we got out, and wasted no time in talking. We three went straight off the way we had been told.

The way was clear, and we found no sign

of anyone for a good piece. I wondered a bit at that, for this was the nearest way to the shaft from the part where a lot of them were working.

'Surely,' I thought, 'there'd have been some of them left alive to make for the shaft, even if they dropped by the way.'

But just as I was thinking that, we saw how it was well enough. We turned a corner, and all the passage before us was blocked with earth and stones. The roof had fallen in, and the sides fallen together, and the very balks we were standing under were leaning to one side, straining ready to fall.

'*This way's stopped,*' said Mr. Morris, quickly. 'And the others will be coming on, expecting to meet us. Is there any other way we can get round to them?'

'No!' I said. 'But look you here. It doesn't seem to have been much of a fall. If we can climb over the top there we'll perhaps find it all right beyond.'

'Come on, then,' said Mr. Morris. But Saunders hung back a bit.

'It's not safe,' he said—and he was about right. 'The air's so foul already I can't but just draw my breath; and it'll be worse beyond there.'

'It's my duty to go on though,' said Mr. Morris, coolly. 'I'll go by myself if you'd rather go back.'

'You sha'n't do that, any way,' I said, and capped it with a word that I wouldn't say nowadays. We began to scramble up the heap of earth and stones, and after a minute Saunders came after us.

(To be continued.)

## History and the Bible.

**T**HE life and death of our Lord Jesus Christ are not merely Bible stories, true and sacred, but only to be found in the Bible.

They belong to the history of the world, and if we do not believe them we cannot believe any other events of ancient history.

Shortly before his death Lord Lyndhurst was found with a pile of infidel books on his table. 'Of evidence,' said this great

lawyer, 'I am a competent judge, and such evidence as might be brought forward for the Resurrection has never broken down.'

So the world unconsciously helps the Church, even heathen historians contributing to this result when they contemptuously record the condemnation and crucifixion of a despised Jew at the exact time at which our Blessed Lord died and rose again for the sins of mankind.

## Work for God at Home and Abroad.

### A PRIESTLESS PEOPLE.



**A** WELL-KNOWN traveller sends home wonderful accounts of what he has seen in South America. Especially have the flowers of British Guiana impressed him, the country glowing like a vast hot-house with gorgeous blossoms.

But stranger than a hot-house needing no gardener to tend it, was to him the sight of simple churches reared in the backwoods by red men, in which no priest lifts up his voice.

For what purpose are they built, do you ask? Go and visit one and your heart will be touched. For six hours a day, says the traveller, Indian men, women, and children stand in the house of God, repeating the Ten Commandments and the Creed, and singing occasionally a psalm or hymn. They are seeking the 'Great Spirit' as well as they can, they have no teachers now.

Once, long ago, a messenger did come to them, one of God's servants, baptising some in His Name, instructing others, gathering the little children round his knees, and bidding them love one another, for love is of God.

But that was long ago. Death, or persecution, perhaps, removed the missionary, and then came a weary time of expectation and disappointment. Another teacher would surely come to the flock in the wilderness. But no! days and months and years passed, and still the poor Indians were priestless. But they had had a glimpse of true worship, and they must needs keep it up to the best of their powers.

In one little church the traveller saw a portrait of Mr. Gladstone on the wall. Probably the Indians had heard that it represented some great chief among the white men, and in their ignorance desired to do him honour.

But who is not moved to help these poor men to a fuller, better worship? The soil is there, it does but need the sower. A priestless people, but not a godless people, live in these flowery regions.

What is it S. Francis Xavier, that early missionary, says of such a flock?—'There is now in these parts a very large number of persons,

who have only one reason for not becoming Christian, and that is that there is no one to make them Christians. It often comes into my mind to go round all the Universities of Europe . . . crying out everywhere like a madman, and saying to all the learned men there, whose learning is so much greater than their charity, "Ah, what a multitude of souls is, through your fault, shut out of heaven!"'

Let us think of poor creatures, such as these, when our alms are asked for foreign missions, and then we shall cheerfully give and God will gladly accept our offering.

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### THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

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#### ST. MARY'S CONVALESCENT HOME, BROADSTAIRS.

LETTERS from Broadstairs give us much food for thought just now. One and all say, 'How sad it is to see the unfinished walls and bare rafters of the best wing of the Home (the east wing facing the sea). We did not mind the unfinished state of the place when it was full of busy workmen; but now we do long to see the roof raised over the east wing before the winter sets in.'

So long as there is a great leak in our treasury for building expenses, we should not think it prudent to open our doors very wide. We are taking in a few convalescents in the finished part of the building, but we must make some special effort to complete the Home before we can take more.

Our little convalescents look at the Home with delight. 'It is nearly ready,' they say. (How we wish they were right—and there is so much to be done yet!)

Again, we shall bring forward these little people and let them talk for themselves and plead their own cause, no one can do it so well. One little thin pale-faced creature shall follow another and tell you, kind readers, what cannot fail to touch your hearts:

'I've only been here a bit,' says Loney, 'but

I do like it, it's them great warm baths I like, 'cos you see my back's so comfortable when I'm in one of them. It doesn't hurt me a bit, and it's always hurting other times.

'The doctor says I must keep on lying down flat, or else it will never be better. I used to be running about all day, I couldn't keep still, but I'm glad enough to be still now, and it's rare and nice on the sands lying flat and feeling nice fresh air blowing over me.

'They say I've grown quicker than I'd strength for, and they say air off the sea, and plenty to eat, will, maybe, set me all right. Father's a sackmaker, and grandmother lives along of us, and there's a good lot of us children, so we can't get as much to eat as we want. We go to school when we're well enough, but we're most of us a bit ailing.'

Little six-year-old Fanny says, 'Them big girls of yours call me a baby, but I'm not a baby nor near one. Why, I minds babies myself when I'm at home! There now, I wonder what they'd think of me then? I've two big babies all to myself.

'The youngest is two years old, and it's bigger than the oldest. The oldest don't grow much; father says it's them bad drains close to us that stops it growing. We're all sickish, and then father always says—*drains*. But I don't believe there is any drains here. I never smells 'em, and I expect Jenny would grow fast enough here.

'Mother sent me a letter yesterday—she says she do miss me. She hasn't nobody to mind babies now, and she doesn't know how ever to get along. If it wasn't for minding them, I would like finely to live here. Mother says I shall get stronger arms and legs here. They do ache sometimes, and so does all the rest of me. But I hardly ached at all yesterday, nor yet to-day neither.'

'Oh! it is nice to have a dinner every day,' says Prissy, a hungry-looking child of nine. 'At home we only has one on Monday and Wednesday now. We're very poor, 'cos father's been out of work all winter. When I'm at home I scrub, and sweep, and work all day—best I can—but I can't please stepmother. When I came here she said she was glad to be rid of such a little plague, and she wished she was rid of me altogether. I'm sure I wish she was. I should be glad if I was one of your orphans, ma'am, and lived with you always. When she shouts at me, it makes me fret and get all into a fright; and father, he thinks I shall pine away. I am that thin my clothes

seems as if they must come off sometimes, but I'm getting fatter here. Why, I don't think as the hooks and eyes will meet in a bit, and I never want to sit down in a corner to cry! I wish you would keep me and never send me back.'

Little Anna has a different story. Her poor home has love in it, and we are glad to find that this is the rule. We ask her what ails her. She says, 'Please, ma'am, it's a bad place on my leg—abscess, they call it; it do hurt, and most at nights—it seems to get too hot then, and then I cries, 'cause it is so bad. I fell down in the back garden when I was carrying baby and playing with little brother—and baby wasn't hurt, not a bit. Mother said it wasn't much of a place on my leg, but I was weakly, and it didn't heal right.

'And, please, I've never been away from mother before (with a little sob), and I do want her badly sometimes. She's only got me—father's dead and I takes care of her, and cleans the house, and minds baby, and she goes a-charing when she's well. Baby's cutting his teeth, and he's very fretful, and I expect mother wants me badly.' But this tender-hearted little Anna has very happy times here, for she finishes up with 'Oh! I do love riding in that there donkey-cart; how nice it do trot! And the bath, we do have fun in it—and if I had baby on them sands I wouldn't want never to get off them.'

We have found the way to the heart of many a poor father and mother by the help which we have been able to give to their little ones here. We know of fathers who have said they thought it didn't sit well on them to say anything against religion, if religion made people get up a home like this—that hymn-singing and saying her prayers had done no hurt to their girl; for ever since she came back from Broadstairs she seemed to have them things running in her head, and she behaved herself wonderfully better than she used to.

We have a letter from a mother full of thankfulness for the renewed health of her two little ones after serious illness. She prays that God will bless all who have joined in providing this place. 'And I think He will,' she says, 'for the dear children's sake, for He loved little children, and He is sure to bless good folks that love them and help them.'

There is, we are persuaded, no better way to spread the Gospel of Love than to show it forth by loving deeds to Christ's little ones.

Who will help to spread the Gospel in this

way? A large portion of our new building will be seriously injured and our action greatly crippled, if we cannot roof in the Boys' Wing of the Convalescent Home before winter.

The smallest help will be most gratefully received and acknowledged by Miss Helen Wetherell, Secretary, Church Extension Association, 27 Kilburn Park Road, London, N.W.

Cards for collecting shillings up to 30s., and pence up to 10s., will be forwarded on application. Gifts, such as old or new clothing of all kinds, boots, shoes, blankets, bedding, crockery, fruit, vegetables, groceries, books, fancy work, &c., are always very welcome.

#### JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL.

Our first few entries concern the Dépôts. These, as many of our readers know, are shops for the sale of useful and fancy work, new and old clothing, and every other saleable object. These dépôts are established for the benefit of the different branches of our work; also to help the poor, who can buy here, for half the money, clothing which will long outlast flimsy articles from the slop-shops.

Packages of suitable stock have reached us from time to time this month, with notes enclosed wishing us success, and speaking very kindly of our enterprise.

A family of twelve children, all arrived at a sewing age, have determined on spending their leisure in stitching for those who cannot spare precious time from bread-winning to patch and darn their own worn garments. These twelve young people intend to mend up their old clothes carefully, and send them whenever the 'collecting box' is full, to our Edgware Road dépôt. The empty will be duly returned to be refilled, and thus many a strong, neatly-mended garment will find its way to one of our needy, half-clothed customers, and our always emptying purse will be so much the fuller. We are fond of calling on our friends of the BANNER OF FAITH to follow good examples; and we venture to call this a *very good example*.

Some little girls in the country have had a roadside stall for our Convalescent Home—two of them only nine years of age, and the other two twelve. The stall was furnished with their own handiwork, and the amount they realised was 3*l.* 8*s.* 7*d.*, which one of the mothers raised to 3*l.* 10*s.* They must have worked well and produced attractive wares.

An old man passing was so struck with what they were doing that he gave a halfpenny, *all he had*, for the poor little children.

Another friend in the country sends us part of the produce of her cherry tree, 2*s.* We wish her a good crop next year.

Three shillings comes from a servant who reads the BANNER OF FAITH with pleasure. Nothing pleases us better than a kind word about our magazine, and here we have a good proof of its sincerity.

Newfoundland and its needs have strongly stirred the interest and sympathy of many. We have just come on a note enclosing 4*s.*, saying: 'Please accept this small sum from a poor old woman who earns her own living; it is for Mr. Warren's parish in Newfoundland.' How good and great such gifts are in God's sight who can say?

'Here is 6*s.* for the children's trips. I am only a poor man in this world's goods, but my store will never be less for helping others worse off than myself.' We can endorse what he says, and, more than this, we know how increase has followed on some such gifts.

'Please use the enclosed for the good of some poor suffering child. It is from a mother who is blessed with four healthy little ones. I will try and send again before the summer is over'—5*s.* for the Convalescent Home.

'I am just eight, and my father and mother work for their living; but I have collected 1*l.* 6*d.* for a poorly little boy or girl to go to your seaside Home.'

With thankful hearts we read many other such letters—thankful for present help, thankful for the true charity which comes with the help, and thankful to think that a work which is supported in this way must needs have a rich blessing on it.

We have just received 4*s.* collected in farthings by an old lady who has little to give. It is surprising what may be done by small savings. We are indebted to them for many a nice help.

And it is delightful, too, to see what may be done by exchange of help, now and then; how, by its means, true charity—which we are told is greater even than faith or hope—widens and deepens.

We have a letter from Abaco, in the Bahamas, telling us about the opening of their new church of S. Saviour's. 'It has been long in building. The congregation, all black people, burnt the lime and built the stone walls themselves, the contributions from friends in England paying

for timber and carpenters' work. I enclose the amount of our Ascension Day offertory, &c., towards your work. This is small, but everything is small in these islands. The islands themselves are small. I hope our guild children may be induced to take an interest in their little white sisters, though they can form no idea of the privations English children undergo.'

A letter from a clergyman in England also says: 'In this parish parents and children seem equally interested in reading of the poor in other parts. Your papers introduce them to a new life beyond their own, a sphere of sorrow and want and possible help.'

We rejoice to think that in many directions the area of sympathy is being widened by these means, and the unity and brotherhood of the Church taught to our people and manifested to the world.

From Trinidad, the Rector, St. Thomas, comes a modest but touching request for a little help.

The rector, Rev. W. J. Hamilton, says that four years ago the people of the district were wilder than wandering Arabs, living on roots and clothed in skins. Through hard toil he has endeavoured to educate and Christianise his flock, and, to effect this, has had to build a school and a little chapel. The latter cost 200*l.*, of which sum all is paid off but 40*l.* He has made an impression on many poor coolies, creoles, and negroes, and has ten communicants, and ten more preparing for confirmation.

Will some liberal hearts send him small or large contributions towards paying off the debt on his chapel, the care of which weighs heavily on him? A bell, to summon the worshippers—he wants badly, and school books, pictures, and school apparatus for his young scholars. Address, to the care of the Secretary,

Miss HELEN WETHERELL,  
27 Kilburn Park Road,  
London, N.W.



## The Commandments and The Lord's Prayer.

ARRANGED IN INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY

By REV. D. ELSDALE, Rector of MOULSOE.

### Twenty-First Sunday after Trinity (NOVEMBER 14).

'The Third Petition.'—*The Will of God.*—Genesis xxii. 1-15; S. Matt. xxvi. 38, 39; Hymns 264, 277.

#### A. The Will of God.

1st. All Good (Rom. xii. 2).

2nd. All Mighty (Rev. xv. 3).

Yet resisted by devils and men, who are—

1st. Evil (Job xv. 25).

2nd. Feeble (Rom. ix. 19).

Done by—

(a) Angels in Heaven (Ps. ciii. 20).

(b) Lower creatures on earth. See history of Jonah. (The sea, fish, gourd, worm.) Also by

(c) Saints, who

1. Do His Commandments (Rev. xxii. 14).

2. Submit to His Judgments (Acts xxi. 14).

#### B. Genesis xxii. 1-15.—The obedience of Isaac to the will of his father.

(a) Type of that of JESUS.

1. Character, innocent, gentle.

2. Only and beloved Son.

3. Sacrificed on same spot, Mount Moriah or Calvary.

4. The wood laid on the victim, and then the victim laid on the wood.

5. Resurrection (Isaac was as good as dead.—Heb. xi. 19).

6. Ram caught in the thicket typical of our Lord crowned with thorns.

#### C. Questions.

1. What is the last petition we ask God about Himself?—'Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven.'

2. How is this explained in the Catechism?—'That we may obey Him as we ought to do.'

3. Who alone obey God as they ought to do?—The Angels in Heaven.

4. Who never resist His Will?—The Creatures who have no wills.

5. Did any Man ever obey God always?—Yes, JESUS, Who came to do the Will of His FATHER.

6. How must we seek to do the Will of God?—By Obedience and Submission (obeying His Commands, submitting to His Afflictions).

7. What should we do when we fail?—

### Twenty-Second Sunday after Trinity (NOVEMBER 21).

'The Fourth Petition.'—*Our Daily Bread.*—Exodus xvi.; S. John vi. 32-35; Hymns 143, 331, 318.

A. 'Give'—Bread, together with life, health, clothes, &c., is a free gift; therefore, depend on God.

'Us'—We must care for others' needs as much as for our own; therefore, pray for your neighbours.

'This day'—We must pray every day; therefore, never neglect your daily prayers any more than your daily meals.

'Our'—That is, 'ours' by steady labour or rightful inheritance, not by idleness or cheating; therefore, be diligent and honest.

'Daily'—Without anxiety for the morrow; therefore, be free from care.

'Bread'—We do not ask for luxuries, but merely for the staff of life; therefore, be content.

## B. Exodus xvi.—Bread in the wilderness.

Verse 4. 'Bread from Heaven,' like all bread, which is made of corn, so is brought forth by sun and rain from Heaven.

- „ 15. 'Manna': 'What is it?' Neither farmer nor labourer knows how corn grows, and so may call it 'Munna.'
- „ 16. 'Gathered by the people.' To show that we must labour for what God gives us.
- „ 18. God will provide for each person and family.
- „ 20. 'They left it,' either from covetousness or laziness.
- „ 25, 26. This is the first mention of the Sabbath rest for man. The rest of God is recorded in Gen. ii. 2, 3.
- „ 23. Never forget that our Father gives us our daily Bread.

## C. Questions.

1. What is our first petition for ourselves?—'Give us this day our daily bread.'
2. How does the Catechism explain this?—'That it will please Him to send us all things that be needful both for our souls and bodies.'
3. How is it that God gives us bread?—He causes the corn to grow. He makes us strong to work for it, or finds us friends to provide it, and preserves our health to eat it.
4. What is God willing to feed besides our perishing bodies?—Our immortal souls.
5. What Bread does our Father give for His children's souls?—The Word of God.
6. Has He any other Spiritual Food for His people?—Yes. The Holy Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ.
7. Is it a good thing to fill our bodies, while we starve our souls?—

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**NOTICE.**

A PAMPHLET has lately been sent to us, entitled 'A Scheme of Questions on the Prayer Book, answered from the BANNER OF FAITH.'

The title naturally enough arrests us, and on looking through the sheets we find that the little book suggests a means for making the BANNER OF FAITH doubly useful in the parish where it is localised.

The compiler shows us how to do this by example. He recently drew up a series of questions on the Prayer Book, to all of which answers might be found in the pages of the BANNER OF FAITH, and he invited anyone and everyone in his parish to send in a paper of answers, prizes being awarded to the best three sets of replies.

His scheme awakened interest, and met with an immediate response, and in this little book we have a printed list of his questions and the right answers to them.

The idea might well be taken up by other parishes, and we commend this shilling textbook to the clergy for consideration.

Ignorance of the Church's doctrines and teachings is at the root of much opposition, apathy, and carelessness, and the author of this scheme appears to us to have hit upon a bright and rousing method of compelling people to gain instruction for themselves.

The pamphlet may be had on application to

Mr. JAMES TOWNSEND,  
Little Queen Street, Exeter.



### Diocesan News.

His Lordship the Metropolitan having quite recovered from his accident at Montreal, spent Sunday, October 17th, at St. Stephen, where he administered the Sacramental Ordinance of Confirmation. A class of Confirmees was presented by the Rector, Rev. Theodore E. Dowling, consisting of 8 males and 16 females.

The prospectus of work set forth in the quarterly *Parish Work* of St. Stephen plainly shows that our friend does not mean to rust, although he is "strictly ordered to be careful this winter."

The Bishop Coadjutor spent Sunday, October 17, in the Parish of Cambridge, where he Confirmed 15 males and 18 females.

Ludlow Church is being brought to completion through the energy of the Bishop Coadjutor, who pays periodical visits of inspection upon the work. The Church people in this section of the country are much interested and encouraged.

Rev. J. H. Talbot has taken up his residence at Moncton, and commenced work in the Parish on Sunday, October 10th.

The Choral Union Festival of the Deanery of Fredericton took place on St. Luke's Day, October 18th, at the Cathedral, the preacher being Rev. O. S. Newnham, Rector of Hampton. There was a very fair representation from the different Choirs, and a crowded congregation.

The Deanery of Chatham has taken a fresh start in the musical line. A Choral Service was held at Newcastle on Wednesday, September 29th, the Feast of S. Michael and All Angels.

It is hoped that the old Mission of Queensbury and Southampton, which was worked for so many years by the late Rev. W. H. Tippet, will shortly be re-opened, and a Missionary sent to stir up the dry bones, and gather the sheep and lambs into the Church. There is a great and wide field of labour in this part of York County for a wise and self-denying Pastor.

The Parish of Burton is still vacant, and from present appearances is likely to remain so for some time.

Rev. Richard Simonds has gone to spend the winter with his son, Rev. Jas. Simonds, at Pomona, California, where he will assist his son, who is at present only in Deacon's Orders.

Rev. W. Greer, Rector of Westfield, is carrying on the work of the late lamented A. V. Wiggins with care and zeal.

The Harvest Thanksgiving Services both in town and country have been well observed this year. Our good people are gradually learning how to give thanks and how to make offerings unto God.

Sunday School work is occupying the minds of a great many zealous Church people throughout the Diocese, and the spread of good and cheap literature is beginning to tell a good tale of happy results, not only in the number of scholars and teachers, but in a knowledge of the Truth and Church doctrine.

### Fairbairn Items.

In consequence of the Pastor's absence in upper Canada and the States no items appeared last month. We have a few items of interest for this month. Our Church has been painted, and now presents a very beautiful appearance. Owing to rush of work, however, the carpenters have been unable to get the narthex finished. This is to be much regretted. We hope, however, to have it completed soon. The School House now looks very forlorn and dirty, and as a coat of paint will no doubt brighten it up and make it look somewhat respectable beside the newly painted Church, instead of moving it back it has been decided to give it a coat of paint and to repair the steps. Our friend and neighbour, Mr. George Barnhill, has erected a very substantial fence between the Church lot and his own. He bore the whole cost of erecting and painting it himself, and as it has not only beautified his own grounds, but also very materially beautified ours, we owe him a debt of gratitude, and our best thanks are due to him. Our best thanks are also due to the Misses Yeats, who every Saturday provide the flowers for the Altar, and also in many other ways have been very kind to us and afforded valuable and very material assistance.

It is hoped that by the time this number of the Magazine reaches our readers our Church will have been further beautified by the addition of two stained glass windows in the west end. At present rough boards and paper do duty as windows. The Baptistry will also be improved, and one of the windows donated by the Pastor and friends, who have also presented two brass lamps for the Chancel. The Baptistry window will have a representation of a Font with the dove hovering over it, with S. Matthew and S. Mark. The other window will have the Good Shepherd (the Church being dedicated to the Good Shepherd), S. Luke and S. John. The cost of this window was raised by the Junior Confirmation Class in the Spring as their special work and labour of love.



The Confirmation Classes are again resumed, and meet every Tuesday evening, at present in the Clergy House, at 7.30. On Thursday evenings there is an Instruction Class in the Church Hall at 7.30, to which all are invited. The Lecture Course will be on the Tabernacle, its Services, Ornaments, and Ritual, illustrated by diagrams. Those who attend will please bring Bibles for reference.

The Pastor would recommend all his flock to purchase and read a book which he hopes soon to have on sale, entitled "the Congregation in Church," price 30 cents.

In response to the appeal made from the pulpit and in the August number of the Magazine—that every member should try to make some effort to give a thank-offering to Almighty God for His mercies during the past year, to be given on our Anniversary Day,—the following have filled up and sent in papers. First List:

Miss Yeats, . . . . .	\$12	Susie Belyea, . . . . .	\$1
*Captain Hamlyn, . . . . .	5	Mrs. G. Raynes, . . . . .	1
H. F. Perkins, . . . . .	3	Grace Armstrong, . . . . .	1
Frederick Wolfe, . . . . .	3	Maggie Armstrong, . . . . .	1
A. McGuire, . . . . .	3	Mrs. Mills, . . . . .	1
Mary Armstrong, . . . . .	3	Mr. and Mrs. Shanks, . . . . .	1
E. Armstrong, . . . . .	3	*John Knorr, . . . . .	1
Mrs. J. Knorr, . . . . .	2	Alice Raynes, . . . . .	1
Mr. and Mrs. Herrington, . . . . .	2	Amie Reed, . . . . .	1
John Raynes, . . . . .	2	*Mrs. McAuley, . . . . .	1
John Engals, . . . . .	2	Mrs. G. Reed, . . . . .	1
Mrs. Fitzgerald, . . . . .	2	Mrs. G. Raynes, . . . . .	1
William Golding, . . . . .	2	T. Gates, . . . . .	1
*William Miller, . . . . .	2	*Mrs. Avery, . . . . .	1
Mrs. Tapley, . . . . .	2	*Lizzie Griffith, . . . . .	1
*Mrs. Scott, . . . . .	2	*Mrs. R. Duncan, . . . . .	1
*Mr. and Mrs. Lodge, . . . . .	2	R. Duncan, . . . . .	1
A. Atkens, . . . . .	2		
Jenny Gregg, . . . . .	1	* Means paid.	

In our next issue we hope to be able to chronicle many others.

For the future, on the first Sunday of every month the 11 o'clock service will consist of Mattins (plain), no sermon, and Choral Celebration. The Sunday School and Bible Class will meet at 2.30 p.m., instead of at 10 a.m.

All who wish to continue this Magazine for another year will please give in their names next month.

When going to press we met a present of wood on the way to the Church, the gift of one of our faithful members, Mr. Thomas Herrington. Who is the next benefactor? Lots of things wanted—wood, coal and oil for the winter. The offerings nothing like cover the expenses.

### Notice.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Clergy of the Deanery of Kingston will be held at Kingston on Wednesday and Thursday, the 10th and 11th days of November, instant. The first meeting of the Chapter will be opened at 11.30 a.m.

The Clergy are requested to give timely notice to the Rector of Kingston as to whether they will be in attendance or not.

### Parochial Items.

CAMBRIDGE:—The good people of S. John's Church, Mill Cove, when they undertake anything do not take long to accomplish it.

The Church, which has been thoroughly repaired, painted and much improved, both inside and out, lacked an organ. A Basket Social was decided upon for September 1st, in order to create a fund to supply the deficiency. The day proved beautiful and many friends came to the well known grounds at Robinson's Point, Grand Lake. Among the excitements was an election quilt, which was won by Miss Dora White. We cleared nearly \$70, and have the promise of more, which will buy an organ to assist us in our worship.

September 8th was a gala day for Lower Jemseg. About four hundred persons assembled on the beautiful grounds of Morris Scovil, Esq., to hold a picnic and assist in swelling the funds for the new stone Church. The steamer "Florenceville" came from Fredericton and brought friends from other places on the river, together with the Manguerville Lodge. The day boat brought some friends from St. John. Music was furnished by the Infantry School Band, and the day will long be remembered as a most enjoyable and happy one. Many kind friends gave us much assistance, and the congregation of St. James' Church did all they could to make the day a success. Well they deserve the cheers which were given for them when the boat was leaving! The receipts were \$250.50.

We expect Bishop Kingdon here for Confirmation on the 17th of October, and hope many will come to receive the Holy Gift and the rich blessing in store for them.

JOHNSTON:—The Bishop Coadjutor held a Confirmation in this Parish on S. Bartholomew's Day, August 24th, at the Parish Church. Eight persons were Confirmed. The Bishop's addresses were very interesting and practical, and were listened to attentively by a large congregation. Canon Medley was also present at the service.

In the evening of the same day Evensong was said at S. Paul's Church, Goshen, the Bishop being present and giving us a beautiful address on the 1st verse of the 95th Psalm. It does much to help and encourage us in our work to have our Bishops often in our midst, and we hope that, even if there be but few to be Confirmed, no year will pass without the benefit of a visit from one of them.

Our annual Parish Festival was held on Sept. 16th on the grounds of Mr. A. Vradenbergh,

which he kindly lent for the occasion. A short service was held at 10.30 a.m., after which the congregation, headed by the fife and drum band, marched to the grounds, singing "Onward Christian Soldiers." A bountiful dinner was served by the ladies, the various committees doing their work admirably. A very pleasant afternoon was spent at foot-ball and other games, and races of all kinds were arranged, at one of which a tame elephant made himself conspicuous, and was warmly greeted. The "Busy Bees" offered for sale the fruits of many hours' patient labour, and had the satisfaction of clearing about \$11, which sum of money will be used for some of the Church's needs.

These young workers would like it made known to the readers of the K. D. M. that any scraps or leavings, too small to be made use of at home, or at larger sewing circles, will be gratefully received by them and acknowledged, if sent to the address of Miss Hanington, English Settlement, via Apohaqui.

The fife and drum band was a great feature in the picnic, being greatly appreciated by all; and though such a short time in existence, it has made itself a necessity to the Parish.

**SPRINGFIELD:**—Rev. J. H. Talbot has gone to Moncton, and Rev. A. J. Cresswell has removed from Albert County to this Parish, in which we hope he may spend many happy years and do hard and useful work for the Church. We are sure he will have the prayers and hearty co-operation of a large number of earnest and steadfast Church-folk. The indefatigable labours of his predecessor will give the present Rector a good start, such as does not fall to the lot of all men.

**STUDHOLM:**—Our little Church begins to look quite gay in its new colours. The painters are busily at work, and hope to have two coats on the walls and one on the roof and turret before the frost overtakes them. We have lost, for a time only we hope, one of our best boys, Master James Manchester, who has gone for training as a farmer to the Agricultural College at Guelph, Ontario. We wish him every success and a speedy return.

Since sending the above notice we have heard that the dear boy is laid up and is lying in a dangerous condition in the "Eye Infirmary" at Toronto. May God spare his life and restore him to health!

The Parson has begun the weekly musical practices on Friday evening, with a view to more

general congregational singing. He wants us all to join the "Choral Union," but we do not quite see the matter in his light, and do not think he will get many members.

**SUSSEX:**—Our dear friend, Mrs. Beer, has gone to the rest of Paradise, after a long, a useful, and a happy life on earth. We shall all miss her bodily presence in Church, and her loving conversation in her old home; and we wonder who of those who are left behind is going to try to fill her place in the ranks of the great army. Not long before she died she said, "The only thing I am living for is to go to worship God in His House of Prayer." May we not all take her as an example of living faith and strive to do the same?

Trinity Church is being painted at last, for which we are thankful, and the roof is being repaired on the outside. We strongly advise any people about to build a Church not to make the mistake we made in boarding the roof straight up and down, for if they do they will find the shingles will split in all directions.

There has been some little talk about a surpliced Choir of men and boys for our Church, and the Vestry has decided in favour of such a Choir by a very small majority. As, however, there is a strong feeling in the minds of some members of the congregation against any change in our mode of worship, it is not at all likely that this change will be made at present. For our own part we cannot see anything more dreadful in following the lead of men and boys in the praises of God than that of men and women; and a decent uniform of cassock and white surplice does not seem more objectionable in the Church than all the colours of the rainbow, as seen in the dresses and bonnets of the dear women. While we say this, we trust the present members of the mixed Choir will not think us ungrateful for many years of very faithful service which they have given in Trinity Church.

Sussex has been visited for some weeks past with a trying disease called by doctors "slow fever." Many of our people have been and still are suffering from it; but we are deeply thankful that thus far we have escaped death from this cause.

We regret to hear that one of our Choirmen, Mr. Herbert F. White, is about to leave Sussex for parts unknown. We do not wish these parts any ill luck, but we want our Choirman back again very soon.

**ROTHESAY:**—A very interesting and successful drawing-room meeting was held here on Monday,

September 20th, in aid of the Zenana Mission. Mrs. Greaves, the authorized agent of the Church Missionary Society in England, addressed the Company, and gave much valuable information with regard to the Mission. The proceeds of the meeting amounted to \$20. Church work is going on as usual, and we are beginning to prepare for Christmas and the Choral Union Festival.

**PETITCODIAC:**—It was unfortunately impossible for us to observe our Harvest Thanksgiving on the day appointed by His Lordship the Metropolitan, so we kept the Festival a week later. As usual on such occasions, our pretty Church looked very bright with its handsome decorations. Fruit, flowers, and vegetables were freely given to adorn the sanctuary of our God. The Altar looked very bright with its profuse ornamentation. At the morning service the Rector preached from Psalm lxx. 11; and in the evening the Curate preached from the following verse of the same Psalm. The music was very good at both services. In the afternoon a Thanksgiving Service was held and a Thanksgiving Sermon preached in the new Mission Room in Salisbury. On the evening of the 19th the Curate delivered an historical lecture in S. Peter's Church, Pollett River Platform, on "The Origin of the Church of England." We are working hard preparing candidates for Confirmation; but owing to the scattered Church population it is hard to get classes together, and instruction has, as a rule, to be given at home.

**HAMPTON:**—The day of Intercession for Sunday Schools was observed in this Parish by the use of special Prayers and the preaching of special Sermons. During the month of October our Rector was laid up for some days with a painful sprained ankle. The contract for the erection of a "School Chapel" at Hampton Station has been awarded. The building is to be completed early next summer.

**WATERFORD AND S. MARK'S:**—It is a long time since the K. D. M. last heard from these Parishes; but we have not been asleep the meanwhile. The Bishop Coadjutor administered the Sacramental Ordinance of Confirmation to forty candidates on the 29th of August, making the number Confirmed in three consecutive years 130. These, with few exceptions, have made their first Communion and are continuing steadfast in the Faith once for all delivered unto the saints.

The annual picnic was held at Waterford on the 31st day of August, and, notwithstanding the

rain, was a success financially, the amount cleared being \$90.

The members of the Guild of S. Mark are very busy trying to clear off the debt on "the Mission Room," and they have decided to have a sale of useful articles early this month.

It is a great pleasure to notice the growing earnestness of our people in the Church's work, and the Priest in charge of these two Parishes is greatly encouraged by the increased and regular attendance at the services.

The prevalence of typhoid fever in Waterford is causing us some anxiety; but we trust that in answer to the Church's prayers the afflicted will shortly be relieved and restored to health.

Many are the gifts of things useful in house-keeping which have found their way into the Clergy House—bedding and table linen, straw for the bed of the hard-worked mare; meat and vegetables, butter, eggs, and milk, apples and berries—all visible tokens of the people's appreciation of the Church of their Fathers and her work among them. The Parson is very grateful to his people for their thoughtfulness of him. "*Because of the House of the Lord our God I will seek to do thee good.*"

## Register.

### BAPTISMS.

- CHURCHMAN,** August.—John Hatheway Doherty, infant  
James William Perry, 12 years.  
Caroline Eugene Perry, 9 years.  
Mabel Adelaide Perry, 7 years.  
Charles Frederick Perry, 5 years.  
LeBaron Everett Leckey, infant.  
Wilmot Hulbert Leckey, infant.  
Lee Arnold Leckey, infant.  
Barak Leslie Stevens, 2 years.
- JOHNSTON,** August 23.—George Ward Alcorn, infant  
36.—Rachel Lucinda Totton, infant.
- SUSSEX,** September 22.—Jerusha Anne Gannong, adult.
- WATERFORD,** July 18.—Samuel Kingston Dougherty, infant.  
22.—Elizabeth Alwilda McEwen, infant.  
26.—Edgar Samuel Patterson, infant.  
August 2.—George Henry Armstrong, infant.  
September 8.—Annie Violet Richardson, infant.  
9.—Samuel DeWolfe McAfee, infant.  
October 24.—John Hazen Douglas Barnes, infant.
- S. MARK'S (Sussex),** July 20.—Ida Mabel Proctor, infant.  
August 24.—Emily Anne Cripps, adult.  
24.—Rose Anne Alberta Brown, adult.  
28.—Edith Markham, adult.  
September 8.—David Er Jeffries, infant.

### MARRIAGE.

- JOHNSTON,** July 28.—Henry Phillips and Eliza J. Stewart.
- WATERFORD,** June 17.—Rev. W. S. H. Morris and Clarissa Darrow Cowie.  
July 6.—Wm. Arnold and Martha Anne Nodwell.  
7.—Andrew L. Walker and Matilda Buchanan.  
September 8.—Roland Brewing and Margaret McEwen.

### BURIALS.

- JOHNSTON,** August 6.—George Melbourne Kincaid, infant.
- WATERFORD,** April 22.—Letitia Caroline Sproule, aged 4 years.  
May 24.—Charlotte Buchanan, aged 1 year 8 months.  
Sept. 11.—Georgianna Richardson, aged 21 years.  
Oct. 9.—John Wright, aged 62 years.
- S. MARK'S,** July 23.—Richard Neiley, aged 25 years.  
27.—George Gulliver, aged 71 years.  
23.—Mercy Cecilia Alcorn, aged 27 years.  
Sept. 29.—Richard Heber Pearson, aged 17 years.
- SUSSEX,** October 4.—Anne Beer, aged 90 years.

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